

Times County Telegraph.

92 per annum.

T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 12.

POMEROY, TUESDAY, MARCH 23, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER 523

THE TELEGRAPH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
T. A. PLANTS & Co.
Office a Third Story of Branch's Brick Building, near
the Court-House.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
\$1.50, in advance; \$2.00, if paid
within the year; or \$2.50
if not paid until the
year has expired.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrear-
ages are paid, except the option of the publisher.

TO CLERKS OF COURTS, or more, the paper will be
sent at a liberal discount in price.

The Law of Newspapers.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to
the contrary, are considered as willing to continue
their subscription.

2. If subscribers desire the discontinuance of their
papers, the publishers can continue to send them
until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their pa-
pers from the office to which they are directed, they
are held responsible till they settle their bill, and or-
der the papers discontinued.

4. If any subscriber sends to another place a sent-
ing informing the publisher, and their paper is sent
to the former direction, the agent is held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take a
newspaper from the office, and continuing to leave
it uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional
neglect.

Rates of Advertising.
Business Cards, 6 lines or less, one year, \$2.00
One square, thirteen lines or less, three weeks, 25
Each subsequent insertion, 10
One square three months, 3.00
One square six months, 5.00
One square one year, 8.00
One-fourth column one year, 15.00
One-half column one year, 25.00
Three-fourths of a column one year, 35.00
One column one year, 50.00
All transient or casual advertisements must be paid
for in advance.

Advertisements not having the number of inser-
tions marked on copy, will be continued until fur-
ther ordered, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL—LAWYERS.
PLANTS & BURNAP, Attorneys at Law, Pomero-
y, Ohio, Nov. 20.

PHYSICIANS.
DR. H. C. WATERMAN, offers his professional ser-
vices to the citizens of Rutland and surrounding
country, Nov. 7—m3.

BANKERS.

DANIEL & RATHBUN, Bankers, Front-street
Pomero-y, O.

DRY GOODS CLOTHING.

BRANCO & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries,
Linen, Hardware, Quincernaries, &c. East side of
Court street, three doors above the corner of
Court-st. O.

STEVENS, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Dry
Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Quincernaries, &c.
East side of Court street, three doors above the
corner of Court-st. O.

PLANNING MACHINES, &c.
CROWLEY & DAVIDSON, on Sugar Run, Pomero-y, have
their Planing-mill, and are doing all kinds of
planing, flooring, weather-boarding, &c. kept
constantly on hand, to fill orders.

BLACKSMITHING.

F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new build-
ing, back of the Court House, Pomero-y, Ohio.
Job work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed
with neatness and dispatch.

PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS.

LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, 444 Court
street, fourth door above Court, Pomero-y, O.

SADDLERY.

J. B. HAMPTON & CO., Saddle and Harness Mak-
ing, Front street, opposite the new Bank
House.

CONFECTIONERS.

SIDKOWITZ'S Grocery and Confectionery,
West side of Court street, Pomero-y, O. Sept 19

WAGON MAKING.

H. & P. CROSBIE, wagon makers, Mulberry street,
Pomero-y, Ohio. Have been making wagons for
upward of twenty years, and are enabled to
execute, in a neat and substantial man-
ner, for wagons, buggies, carriages, &c., on short
notice, and at reasonable terms.

DENTISTRY.

D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Hummer's build-
ing, Third Street, Rutland street, Middleport, O. All
operations pertaining to the profession promptly per-
formed. Ladies waited upon at their residence, if
desired. Jan. 16.

HOTELS.

U. S. HOTEL, AND STAGE OFFICE, four doors be-
low the Rolling Mill, Pomero-y, Ohio. Agents,
M. J. Webster, Proprietor. n7 1853.

TANNERS & CURRIERS.

GEORGE McQUIGG & Co., Tanners and Curriers,
Court street, on Sugar Run, Pomero-y, O.

MANUFACTURES.

POMEROY ROLLING MILL COMPANY, have con-
stantly on hand and make to order, a superior
quality of iron of all sizes. Orders promptly
filled, by application to the agent at the mill, or
Jan. 13, '58—1-y L. P. POTTER, Cincinnati.

COALPORT SALT COMPANY, Office in Cooper's
Building, Coalport, O. Salt for Country Trade,
Retail, thirty-five cents per bushel.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY, Pomero-y, Salt
Twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Par-
ade Ground, Pomero-y, O. C. GRANT, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY, Pomero-y, O. Salt for
sale at thirty-five cents per bushel, for Country
Trade.

DANBY SALT COMPANY, Coalport, Salt for
sale at 25 cents per bushel for country trade.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

W. J. PRALL, Manufacturer of Tinware, and De-
aler in every variety of Stoves, &c., opposite the
Court-house, Pomero-y.

MILLS.

MIDDLEPORT RAIL FACTORY AND PLANING
MILL—All orders in this line of business will
be filled promptly, and at low rates, by address-
ing to apply to
J. W. JONES, Middleport.

STEAM SAW MILL, Front street, Pomero-y, near
Kerr's Run, Nial R. Ry. Proprietor, lumber
sent to order on short notice. Planing mill con-
stantly on hand for sale. June 3, 1856.

COALRIDGE FLOURING MILL, Pomero-y, and
Crystal Flouring Mill, Coalport, Marked & Co.,
Ry. Proprietors. Cash paid for Wheat at all times.

KEYESVILLE STRAIN GRIST MILL, Nathaniel
Keyesville, Proprietor. Has been recently rebuilt,
and is now prepared to do good work on short notice.

JEWELRY.

PETER LAMBERT, Watchmaker, and Dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silver Articles,
Court street, below the Court House, Pomero-y,
Ohio. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on
short notice and reasonable terms. Jan 20.

W. A. AICHER, Watchmaker and Jeweler, and
wholesale and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks,
Jewelry and Fancy Goods, Front-st., five doors above
"Merchants' Hotel." Particular attention paid to
repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. Jan 14

INSURANCE COMPANIES.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford,
Connecticut, O. Branch, Agent, Court-street,
Pomero-y. Jan 30

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WHITEHEAD, Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes,
Front Street, three doors above Stone bridge,
West side of Court street, and East side of
Court-st. O.

Select Poetry.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

It is the twilight hour,
The daylight toll is done;
And the last rays are departing
Of the cold and wintry sun.
It is the time when friendship
Holds converse fair and free;
It is the time when children
Dance round the mother's knee.
But my soul is faint and heavy
With a yearning sad and deep—
By the bedside lone and dreary
I sit and weep.
Where are ye, merry voices,
Which clear to my lone tone
Some other ear now hears,
Through the dim light, slow degrees,
Where are ye, steps of lightness,
Which fall like blossoms showers?
Where are ye, sounds of laughter,
That cheer the pleasant hours?
Through the dim light, slow degrees,
Where my wistful glances fall,
I can see your picture ringing
Against the silent wall.
The gleam almost the darkness
Of my heart's sweet and changeful eyes.
But none are ye, my children—
No voice to mine replies.
Where are ye?—No, no, ye are playing
By the stranger's blazing hearth;
Your old home's former mirth
Are ye dancing?—Aye, ye are dancing!
Or do your light feet tread
Will the memory of an hour
Round whom, Oh, gentle darlings,
Do you young ones fondly twine?
Does she press you to her bosom
Who hath taken you from mine?
Oh, my, the twilight hour,
Such a heavy taint hath grown;
It is with such a spirit fall me,
All I need to call my own:
That the latest word that ever
Spoken to my mother,
Would be trivial—would be welcome—
In the depth of my despair.
Yet, no, despair shall sink not,
While life and love remain;
Though the weary struggle's bitter end,
And my prayer be made in vain,
Through all dim, dark, dreary fall me,
And the bitter tears drop fall;
Though my heart be sad and lonely,
Yet I hope—I hope through all.

Miscellaneous.

THE GIFT ENTERPRISE;

OR,
DRAWING A WIFE IN A LOTTERY.

BY CARL CANTER.

My name is Nathaniel Bugbee. Perhaps you have seen me, at some time, standing behind the counter of my employ, Messrs. Haberdasher & Co., who for five years past have been selling their goods at an alarming sacrifice! as the columns of the daily papers and a large placard in front of the store have constantly made known to an interested public. As the uninitiated might find it a difficult matter to understand how such a way of doing business could be profitable to the firm, I will just whisper in confidence that the alarming sacrifice extended to all always on the part of their customers.

This, however, has no direct bearing upon my story. Let me only say in addition, while upon this point, that my salary, although large enough for my own main-tenance, precluded all thoughts of miffing in the present expensive style of living. Therefore it may easily be inferred that I must either resign, or else not to marry at all or find some one who to a heart superadds a fortune.

The reader understands my position sufficiently to understand the feelings with which I read an advertisement of the following purport in the papers some time since.

The advertisement in question set forth the advantages of a certain gift enterprise in a neighboring city, enumerating a brilliant list of prizes, closing with—what do you think?—No less than the hand of a young lady, together with twenty thousand dollars! The conditions were that if upon acquaintance, either the young lady or the winning party should see fit to decline the matrimonial alliance intended, the rejecting party should forfeit all claim to the twenty thousand dollars which should go to the rejected.

The price of tickets in this tempting lottery was only two dollars; Boston agents, Messrs. Shave & Co., State street. Having fully made up my mind to invest, I called there on my way from dinner.

"Have you any tickets left?" I inquired, with some anxiety.

"A few," was the prompt reply. "Will you have one?"

"Yes, I believe so."

I accordingly passed a two-dollar bill to the clerk, and received a ticket marked 11,689.

"Rather a high figure," I remarked, carelessly.

"Yes," said the clerk, "the tickets are going off like hot cakes. They are in great demand among young men," he said, smiling. "Some take as many as fifteen or twenty to make their chance surer."

I was about, upon this hint, to follow their example, and purchase a few more, when I luckily reflected that a boarding bill due the next day would take up all my remaining available funds, and prudently denied myself.

Dear reader, did you ever have a ticket in a lottery or gift enterprise? If so, you can understand my state of mind for the month which must intervene before the declaration of the prizes. I was continually speculating upon my chances of success, and what I should do if, on being declared the lucky winner of the first prize, I should find the lady whom I had won, an intolerably ugly and unprepossessing. In such case would the sum of twenty thousand dollars be sufficient to sugar the pill? I could not tell, but wisely concluded to wait until the alternative was really presented. In the meantime I was particularly observant of the pretty faces whom the placard—An Alarming Sacrifice—drew to our store. I amused myself by picking out particular young ladies, and representing to myself the possibility that some of them might be the lady who was to bring her intended twenty thousand dollars.

Without dwelling upon this I will only say that I saw several who I should have been perfectly willing to marry at a less high figure. I am aware that some of my

romantic young lady readers will shake their heads at this admission and brand me a mercenary fellow, with a heart not large enough to be worth having. But, my dear young ladies, you must remember that, as at that time I had no particular interest in any young lady, I was more likely to be influenced by the fascinations of the sex generally, and I venture to say, that if I had happened to meet any of you before I became acquainted with the present Mrs. Bugbee, (be it known that I am married at last,) there is no knowing what might happen. I can imagine Mrs. Bugbee shaking in her shoes at the mere supposition.

To proceed with my story. The month slipped slowly away, and all periods of suspense. I should scarcely dare to say how many mistakes the pre-occupied state of my mind led me to make, such as returning to a customer seventy-five cents in change more than was due her, on which occasion my employer, the senior Mr. Haberdasher, severely remarked, that when I made such mistakes, I should take care to let them be the other side—that while giving back too much change was highly reprehensible, giving back too little would be a venial offense which he would readily forgive.

The month at length drew to a close, and I, in an excited frame of mind, walked down to Messrs. Shave & Co.'s office in State street. The office was already full of anxious ticket holders, who were all busily elated or depressed by their success or want of it. I was particularly amused by a scene which had just transpired before my own turn came. The applicant before me was a tall lady of thirty-nine or thereabouts, exceedingly spare, and very prim in her ways. Though she did not recognize me, I remember to have been introduced to her on one occasion as Miss Charity Billings. She was the very picture of a prim, methodical old maid, and professed to have a very low opinion of all mankind, possibly because they had proved so blind to her varied attractions. I confess I was surprised to see Miss Charity in such a place, as I had supposed that the pomp and vanities of this world, including, of course, filthy lucre, were as nothing in her sight. However appearances are deceitful.

"Your number, ma'am?" inquired the ready clerk.

"5673," primly pronounced Miss Charity. The clerk consulted his list. When he looked up, his face violently struggled to retain his gravity.

"You have drawn, ma'am," said he, "an elegant rosewood cradle!"

Miss Charity's face turned all colors, and her embarrassment was considerably increased by a suppressed laugh, which her quick ears did not fail to catch.

"Where shall I send it?" inquired the clerk.

Miss Charity looked undecided, but fortunately a person with speculation in his eye, stepped up and offered to take it off her hands at a reasonable rate.

Miss Billings at once recovered her composure, and prepared herself for making the most of her prize, which she eventually sold to the man.

"Number 11,689!" repeated I, taking my place.

The clerk, after a brief examination, seized my hand with warmth.

"Sir, I congratulate you!" he exclaimed. "You are the fortunate winner of our first prize!"

I went home on my head or heels—I am not quite sure which—not, however, until I had ascertained that the name of the young lady whose hand I had won was Ethelinda Blackstone, and that she lived in Coventry, a town in Western New York.

When second sober thought came to my assistance, I could not help regretting the conditions of which I was to become the envious possessor of twenty thousand dollars. I reflected with a sinking heart that the lady might be as ugly as a Gorgon, in which case, she would of course, insist on my performing my part of the contract. I at once petitioned Messrs. Haberdasher & Co., for a month's vacation, merely alleging that important business called me away. I could not help blushing, when I proffered the request, which led to meaning looks being exchanged by the other clerks. None of them however were in my secret.

One pleasant morning in October, I found myself at Oswego, purchasing a ticket by stage to Coventry, which, as I was told, was distant some twenty miles from that flourishing city. The stage went farther, but Coventry was one of the places on the route. Opposite me, in the stage sat a young, rosy-cheeked maiden of very attractive appearance. She was somewhat demure, withal, and only cast stolen glances at me, which I pretended not to see, while I, in turn, looked at her whenever I could get a chance. Whenever our eyes caught to meet, they were instantly withdrawn. All this was very foolish, of course, but I may allege, in my own defense, that my opposite neighbor, beside being exceedingly pretty, was the only presentable female in the coach. Close beside her was a spinster, of 35 or thereabouts, who was turned up mouth, and two flat sections of yellowish hair plastered to each cheek. Her nose was long and thin, while she herself was lankness personified. Add to this a pair of blue spectacles, and you will imagine the beauty beside her was heightened by the contrast.

There appeared, however, to be some acquaintance between them, as I observed the young lady speaking familiarly with her less rustic companion.

The road over which we were riding was rough and hilly. In parts it inclined to one side, so that one part of the coach was lifted higher than the other. On one of these occasions the inequality was further increased by the wheels at the upper end passing over a stone. The jolt

was such that the passengers were all violently precipitated to one side of the coach, and I, much to my surprise, but not at all to my displeasure, found my pretty neighbor opposite seated in my lap. I made not the least effort to relieve myself from the unexpected burden, but the young lady, half blushing, half laughing, with as quick as possible from her embarrassing predicament. On looking about, I observed that a gentleman at my side, a bluff, stout gentleman, was in a state of ludicrous perplexity. The spinster, whom I have mentioned, had been thrown forward at the same time, and opening her arms in the vain endeavor to save herself, she involuntarily clasped her opposite neighbor around the neck. In her bewilderment she did not immediately release her hold, but uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, which first alarmed, and finally convulsed with secret laughter all the passengers.

Fortunately for us, we were near the end of our journey. My opposite neighbor and her companion got out at a neat two-story brick house, about half a mile from the hotel at which I stopped.

After passing the night comfortably at the Coventry Arms, I inquired of the landlord, in the morning, if he could inform me where Miss Ethelinda Blackstone resided.

In a brick house, about half a mile from here," was the reply.

A two-story brick house with lilac bushes on either side of the gate? I inquired.

"That is the place."

At once jumped to the joyful conclusion that my pretty stage companion was the lady to whose hand, I could urge so strong a claim.

I dressed myself carefully, and about ten o'clock, armed with a letter of introduction from the President of the Gift Enterprise, walked over to the brick house.

My modest knock called to the door my pretty stage companion. A blush of recognition showed that I was not forgotten.

Stammering out something about the beauty of the morning, I delivered my letter, and accepted an invitation to take a seat in the parlor. My inamorata left me, to read the letter in private.

Meanwhile, I began to feel the embarrassment of my position. Nevertheless I determined now that I had taken the first step, not to faint or falter, with such a prize before me, and with the prospect of a wife, were various neat and tasteful drawings, attesting the skill of my late companion.

While I was thus occupied in examining these, the door opened, and admitted the spinster. I knew her instantly, by her long nose and yellowish hair.

"Mr. Bugbee?" she said.

I bowed.

"I am Miss Ethelinda Blackstone, to whom your letter was addressed."

I was petrified. It was the aunt, then, and not the niece whose virgin hand I had won. In my dismay and perplexity I with difficulty ejaculated that I was glad to make her acquaintance.

"I feel, Mr. Bugbee," said the spinster, casting her eyes down in modest confusion, "that this meeting is on both sides an embarrassing one. As we may both desire to become better acquainted, may I ask your company to tea, this evening? Our hour is six."

Hastily accepting the invitation, I seized my hat, and in a very unhappy frame of mind returned to the hotel.

"If it had only been the young lady," I thought, "I should have been delighted, but I never, never, can make up my mind to wed this antiquated spinster. A hundred thousand dollars would not tempt me!"

I took tea at the house of Miss Ethelinda. The young lady, Miss Carrie Blackstone, who proved as I suspected, to be the niece of the elder lady, was very demure; and I could now and then detect a mischievous glance from her black eyes as they rested in turn on her aunt and myself. She said little, but left the burden of the conversation to us. As might be supposed, it was precise, formal, and heavy.

After tea we walked out. I was forced to offer my arm to the spinster—while Miss Carrie very demurely tripped behind.

"How long will this farce be kept up?" thought I, sighing. "I am very much afraid Miss Ethelinda will throw the burden of rejection upon me. She appears to have taken a fancy to me already."

I groaned in spirit, but had to preserve an outward appearance of cheerfulness.

So it went on for a fortnight. Miss Ethelinda evidently looked upon me with favor, while she became more and more distasteful to me, more especially as I was already deep in love with her niece. Hitherto I had no opportunity to speak in private with the latter. It happened that at this time, on one of my daily calls, I found the elder lady absent. Carrie assured me that she would be in soon. Accordingly nothing loth, I decided to await in her company the return of her aunt.

Before the interview was over, so unusually bewitching proved my companion, I blundered out my love.

"I—I thought," said she blushing, "that it was my aunt—that you—"

I very earnestly assured her that although I had the highest esteem for her aunt, I loved only her—that I was perfectly willing to resign all claim to the twenty thousand dollars—that no amount of money, however large, could satisfy the heart—that love outweighed every other consideration—and much more to the same effect.

"Since you set so high a value upon this hand," said she, frankly placing it in mine, "I yield it to you freely; the more freely that you will not be compelled to make the sacrifice you anticipated in claiming it."

It is myself, and not my aunt to whom your letter was addressed."

"But your name is Carrie," said I bewildered.

"My full name is Carrie Ethelinda," was her reply, "although to distinguish me from my aunt, I am usually called the first."

"But I was led to suppose that your aunt—"

"Will you pardon the deception?" said Carrie, smiling. "I feared that it was money, and not myself, which would prove the greater attraction, and I persuaded my aunt to personate the heiress. Here she comes."

The spinster, who appeared in a more amiable light, now that I was assured she had no designs upon my hand, very cheerfully gave her consent to my engagement with her niece. A month afterwards we were married.

MORAL—Money is but a sorry substitute for love; but if one is bent on selling himself, let him make sure of the price.

Practical Preaching.

Here is a capital paragraph from Henry Ward Beecher:

"We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord, having sharked it all the week, would be better pleased on Sunday, to doze through an able Gospel sermon on Divine mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon that, among other things, set forth the duties of a Christian landlord. A broker who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swing- ing analyzed and measured by the 'New Testament spirit.' A merchant whose last bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Sunday night, and his brother merchant, who, on that same day swore a false invoice through the custom-house—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith or angels, or the resurrection! They have nothing invested in these subjects; they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox. But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample pew rents let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial questions. A rich christian brother owns largely in distillery, and is clamorous against letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons. Another man buys tax titles, and noses about all the week to see who can be slipped out a neglected lot. A merchant that plies his craft with unscrupulous ingenuity of every means that wins, he too wants 'doctrine' on the Sabbath, not those secular questions. Men wish two departments in life; the secular and religious. Between them a high wall and opaque is to be built. They wish to do what they please for six long days. Then stepping the other side of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage their fears, to comfort their consciences, and furnish them a clear ticket and assurance for heaven. By such shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters, both God and Mammon at the same time."

Small Talk.

But of all expedients to make the heart beat, the brain gauzy, and to thin life down into the consistency of a cambric kerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle, which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meager fare—how continued existence in such a famine of topics and on such a short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on from fifteen to four-score, and never a hint on their tombstones, that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart. The splendors of God, spreading out their attention, and they wonder "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet?" The whole literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adorning its regard its garnered stores of emotion and thought, and they think, "It's high time if John intends to marry Sarah, for him to pop the question!" "When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little gaudy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal and bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life. —E. P. Whipple.

TRAVELING ON THE PLAINS.

A recent traveler across the plains says, one of the most curious objects that attract attention are the bleached buffalo skulls whitening the wayside. Many are the names and bulletins penciled on them; and on continually reading, one begins to learn the biography of those in front, and feel an interest and companionship in their progress. Perhaps we catch up with another train; we all chat together; names drop out. "Oh," says one, "I know your name; I read it on a buffalo head three weeks ago; you're from —, are you not?" Sometimes one reads short camp anecdotes, or accidents, such as "Woman shot today by her husband taking his gun loaded into the wagon—not expected to recover," and then, "Woman shot on Thursday, doing well."

It should not be forgotten that two of the eminent men who sat in Mr. Polk's Cabinet with Mr. Buchanan, oppose strongly the Lecompton swindle. R. J. Walker was Secretary of the Treasury, and George Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Polk, when Mr. Buchanan was Secretary of State. They both condemn in strong and emphatic terms Mr. Buchanan's treason to Democracy, in attempting to crystallize into law the frauds of the Border-Ruffians.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

A Strange History.

Fiction has her marvelous heroes, but now and then some plain creature of every day fate surpasses them in romantic adventure.

In 1855, a young man was arrested at Cleveland, on a charge of passing counterfeit money, and on evidence which many thought insufficient, was convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary. He was brought to Columbus and incarcerated; but it was not long before he effected his escape and successfully eluded pursuit. He fled without daring to show himself to any one, until about thirty miles from the city, where, spent and famished, he ventured to apply at a house rather remote from others, for shelter and food. Both were promptly afforded him. The poor woman who dwelt there alone with her two children, was true to the generous instincts of her nature, and admitted to hearth and board—not the escaped convict, but the weary, hunted, hungry wretch, who claimed from her that boon.

"Which all the happy to the unhappy owe."

He rested and refreshed himself, and when he again set forth upon his wanderings, she gave him a suit of citizen's clothes. Thus disguised, he traveled northward, until within a short distance of Cleveland, when he obtained work, and earned forty dollars, which he sent to the woman who had saved him. He then went to New York, engaged in business, and prospered. Still he remembered his benefactress, and recently she received from him three hundred dollars.

The truth, meanwhile, came to light. It became apparent that he was guiltless of the crime with which he had been charged, and had suffered for a sin he had never committed.

A petition signed by the Judge who had passed sentence upon him, the jury which had found him guilty, and sixty-six members of the Cuyahoga bar, and authenticated by the members of the Legislature from that county was sent to the Governor, praying for the pardon of the escaped convict.

Here a difficulty arose. He could not be